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Eng. Poetry vol 57.

B E D L A M,

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B A L L,

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DR. PRICE'S OBSERVATIONS
On the NATURE of CIVIL LIBERTY.

A POETICAL MEDLEY.

They led their wild Desires to Hills and Caves,
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.

DRYDEN.

The Law is that which puts a Difference betwixt Good and Evil, betwixt Just and Unjust: if you take away the Law, all Things will fall into a Confusion, *every Man will become a Law to himself*, which, in the depraved Condition of Human Nature, must needs produce many great Enormities; Lust will become a Law, and Envy will become a Law; Covetousness and Ambition will become Laws.

Pym's Speech at the Trial of the Earl of Strafford.

In every free State, every Man is his own Legislator.

Dr. Price, p. 6. & passim.

O Corydon! Corydon! quæ te dementia cepit?

VIRG.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXVI



B E D L A M, &c.

AN Indian, who, from morn to night,
Was led to ev'ry curious fight,
Had visited those dismal cells,
Where wild fantastic Folly dwells
In various garb, but chiefly spreads
Its influence o'er weak female heads.
There Sheba's Queen, without a smock,
Nods in the plumage of a cock ;

Another,

Another, with two wings supply'd,
 Like Hermes, struts in equal pride;
 While many a squalid, tatter'd squaw
 Is crown'd with herbs, and weeds, and straw.
 Appall'd, his eyes with sorrow trace
 Nature thus sunk in foul disgrace.

A titl'd Dame, of high degree,
 Renown'd for boundless charity,
 Nor less her fame for festal rites,
 (God had her days, and Pam her nights)
 Intent the wretched to relieve,
 Was come to ease the hearts that grieve :
 While others, harden'd to compassion,
 Came but to learn some whimsey'd fashion :
 And, well I ween, to those we owe
 The montaciel, the flounce, and bow,
 As grannams did their furbelow :

Hence

Hence all those trappings, which attire
 The charming objects of desire;
 As if fine folks, in frolic play,
 Acted a Bedlam-holiday.

This Dame, to sooth the Stranger's pain,
 Invites him where gay pleasures reign;
 And he, obedient to her call,
 Follows from Bedlam to a Ball;
 Where, in a structure high and wide,
 Magnificence displays its pride.
 The wond'ring Savage stood amaz'd,
 While gold, and gems, and tapers blaz'd;
 But love, succeeding to surprise,
 On brighter beauty fix'd his eyes.

Few yet were come, and only they,
 Who sleep by night, and wake by day;

Mothers,

Mothers, who feel a parent's care,
 And daughters, who their virtues share :
 Transcendent shone among those few,
 A Marlborough, and a Montague*,
 † Hobart, and Stavordale, and Kerr ‡,
 And Grenville, bright as morning's star :
 A Beaufort with superior mien;
 Such erst were high-born matrons seen,
 Courteous in manner, chaste in dress,
 Nor haunting crowds for happiness.

Not yet did ripen'd youth disclose
 In § Bertie's cheek the full-blown rose,
 Nor yet, to gazing eyes display'd,
 Her mother led the lovely maid;

* Dutchess of Manchester.

† Countess of Buckingham.

‡ Marchioness of Lothian.

§ Lady Priscilla.

Her mind, with kindred virtues fraught,
By precept and example taught.

But in maturer beauty fair,

* Meynel and innocence were there :

Tho' well-conceal'd, her bosom plays

Beneath the envy'd blond and stays;

Like misers, jealous of their store,

Who cautious hide the precious ore ;

Proud Nature, boastful of her charms,

Her glowing check with blushes warms ;

And, smiling on her baffl'd art,

Triumphs in ev'ry vanquish'd heart.

As yet adorning arts detain

Two beauteous forms, long sought in vain ;

But sprightly Devon's sportful loves,

More gentle than their mother's doves,

• Miss Meynel.

And all the Graces, who preside
 In happy Granby's youthful bride,
 Tir'd of the toilet's endless care,
 Late to this splendid feast repair,
 And wait the ling'ring Angels there ;
 But waiting find a welcome place,
 In Howard's shape, and Haywood's face.

At length the destin'd hour was come,
 Proclaim'd by Fashion's midnight drum,
 For all her votaries to meet,
 And banish rest from every street.
 On rapture mute attention hung :
 Bach play'd, and Harland look'd and fung ;
 When, in the brazen knocker's stroke,
 With frequent peals loud thunder broke :
 Such as when hostile bands affright
 A peaceful city, storm'd by night,

Trembling and pale : not such, with ire
 The savage glar'd, his eyes were fire.
 Sheath'd by his side a blade he wore,
 Which, often drench'd in Gallic gore,
 Scalp'd the fall'n foe ; that steel he drew,
 And fiercely on th' assailants flew ;
 Resolv'd to quell the ruffian-train,
 Or perish, if that hope were vain.
 Blinded by rage he little knows
 What harmless forms he took for foes ;
 Altho' in martial helmet drest,
 With plumes high-waving on the crest.

Now prostrate scalps his triumphs tell :
 But thanks to Heav'n ! they *bloodless* fell ;
 For ev'ry spoil of this defeat,
 Was but a cushion, and a *tête*,

Which left the heads, that gardens bore,
 More lovely than they were before.
 All these in heaps, as trophies meet,
 He laid at rescu'd Beauty's feet.
 Mirth clos'd the fray—Each head resumes
 Its load of cushion, flowers, and plumes ;
 While, to the pipe and tabor's sound,
 The nymphs with steps responsive bound
 In fair quadrilles, by Gallia's queen
 Invented for poor generous Guines,
 Now bath'd in tears :—Nor less oppress'd,
 Big sorrow swell'd the Indian's breast,
 Who thus the noble Dame address'd :
 “ Griev'd I beheld a frantic brood
 “ Of lineage base, deform'd, and rude ;
 “ But now, with grief superior, trace
 “ The frenzy of your Sachem-race ;

“ Where

- " Where ev'ry female charm combin'd
 " Bespeaks them of superior kind.
 " Their godlike fathers, great in war,
 " Mark'd, like my breast, with many a scar,
 " Like me, have led the war-hoop'd dance,
 " With nodding plumes, and brandish'd launce ;
 " Now Madness lighting kindred fires,
 " These girls would emulate their fires.
 " Tho' some in garb ill-suiting drest,
 " Like males assume the manly vest ;
 " Yet (stript of petticoat and stays)
 " Their air, their face the sex betrays :
 " Unerring Nature ne'er assign'd
 " Such neutral forms to human kind.
 " Happy the Squaws of India's plain,
 " Where no such frantic follies reign !
 " And

“ And blest’d the hour, when I deny’d
 “ Hither to waft my faithful bride,
 “ Tho’ hardly press’d, and griev’d to part
 “ From the dear idol of my heart !

“ Frown not, ye fair ones ! nor impute
 “ To me th’ opinions of a brute,
 “ Who thinks that fancy wildly pranked,
 “ Whether in ermine or a blanket,
 “ In palaces of Earl or Duke,
 “ Or the drear mansion of St. Luke,
 “ Is madness in the same excess,
 “ Tho’ wealth distinguish place and dress.”

Whate’er *he* thought, this sense malign
 Was never part of my design,
 Who hold the blood, which spawns from earth,
 Differs from streams of noble birth,

As

As much as the inspiring draught,
 In pewter pot, and crystal quafft,
 Of porter foul, and bright Champaign ;
 Tho' both alike affect the brain.

A strolling pilferer, whose heart's frail,
 Fitly is sentenc'd to a cart's tail,
 If, plying late at Temple-Bar,
 She picks the pocket of a Tar.
 But shou'd a Peerefs, stript at Loo,
 Associate with an am'rous Jew,
 To mend her fortune in the Stocks,
 Fair partner of his scrip and pox ;
 Tho' persecuted by the same luck,
 Hapless she waddles out a lame duck,
 Who dares presume her shame to trumpet ?
 A Peerefs ne'er can be a strumpet :

Whoredom.

Whoredom in trulls of mean degree,
 Sublim'd in her is gallantry.

The bare-breech'd Scots, all poorly clad,
 With bonnet greas'd and tatter'd plaid,
 Denouncing war with visage hagg'd,
 Were *rebels*, for the rogues were ragged;
 While those proud states, whose hostile swarm
 Beyond th' Atlantic blaze in arms;
 Who work America's salvation,
 By anarchy and desolation;
 Who own no rule but Nature's laws,
 Are *heroes* leagu'd in Freedom's cause;
 On whom each patriot sweetly pours
 His store profuse of tropes and flowers:
 Sons of those fires, who tumbled down
 The mitre, coronet, and crown;

Or,

Or, bravely daring, snatch'd and shar'd
 Earth's common gifts, for all prepar'd.
 Illustrious exiles, doom'd to roam,
 They found in wilds a kinder home.
 And justly might their arms displace
 The savage, scarce of human race ;
 Tho' conquest, gain'd by wiles or might *,
 O'er perfect men, confers no right.

Vainly shall Britain spill her blood,
 So Heav'n ordains for Britain's good,
 'Till, like a phoenix in her nest
 Consum'd, she rises in the West.
 Warm'd with a sacred rage, I pant :
 O would the Muse prophetic grant
 My strains to pierce, in Butler's rhimes,
 Thro' this drear gloom to brighter times,

* Vide Price.

Foretelling, when Old England's undone,
 The New shall boast a fairer London !
 Well pleas'd St. Stephen and St. James
 Would see those piles which bear their names,
 And we bestow'd much care and cost on,
 Fill'd with their brother-saints at Boston :
 But as the freight on many a store-ship
 Would prove, I ween, more cost than worship,
 As late appear'd in the amount
 Of one extraord'nary account,
 When flesh of many a sheep and hog
 Furnish'd fierce sharks with dainty prog ;
 Better those domes should blaze to-morrow,
 Like ancient Sodom and Gomorrah ;
 Where the just doom did only spare
 Those mark'd by Heaven's peculiar care.

Oh!

Oh! for a wide-destroying brand
 To purify this sinful land ;
 And spread th' avenging conflagration
 O'er country-squires who sell the nation,
 Wretches who sin without temptation ;
 Who seek no marks of royal grace,
 In pension, title, star, or place ;
 Yet, with a head and heart unsound,
 Vote for four shillings in the pound !
 Perish all such, a Tyrant's friends !
 But lo ! some Power my rage suspends :
 'Tis Prudence whispers—" Stop this fury !
 Lest, victims to an English Jury,
 Thy Freedom *Physical* should be,
 And eke thy *Civil* Liberty,
 Restrain'd on Tyburn's fatal tree.

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Jack Ketch will never understand,
 That men without a house or land,
 Nor free of borough, town, or city,
 Tho' thousands swing and find no pity,
 Who never gave *imply'd* consent
 To any act of parliament,
 By tyrant-laws unjustly fall,
 Which gave a few to govern all."

Yet, Goddess, sure thou must agree,
 * That I alone am king of *me*.
 Nor wilt thou Nature's rights confine,
 Excluding all the female line,
 And say the lovely voteless race,
 Condemn'd, may suffer foul disgrace.
 All are alike by Nature free,
 And Self-command is Liberty.

Husbands unjustly, rough and rude,
 Stern power on gentle wives obtrude ;
 Nor should sweet innocence at school,
 Obey the rigid teacher's rule.

So reasons PRICE, long wish'd for, come
 To save each injur'd, tender bum.

Nor there he rests ; his sense refin'd
 High elevates th' enlighten'd mind ;
 And rescues Reason from that plan,
 Which meanly fetter'd man to man ;
 Proves faith, and vows, and compact vain,
 To bind, in Nature's sovereign reign ;
 Her prior claim, in Freedom's cause,
 Dissolving gratitude, and laws.
 No more th' exhausted fire's expence
 Shall trust to filial affluence ;

For tho' the infant shar'd his pelf,
 He lov'd that infant as himself;
 And sure 'tis plain, in ev'ry station,
 Self-int'rest cancels obligation.
 Yet falsehood foul, and malice hateful,
 Would call them perjur'd and ungrateful,
 Who, much provok'd, transpierce the breast
 Of those who gave them food and rest;
 But now, harsh Tyrants, bid them share
 The burdens which their parents bear.
 Or, grant them bound; they *greatly* rise
 Who burst the bands of human ties;
 While vulgar virtues would disgrace
 The heroes of a fainted race.

Let Europe bleed in endless wars,
 Where int'rest against int'rest jars.

In solitude let Brunswick reign,
 O'er the lone wall and desert plain;
 While Fanueil Hall shall ope its gates
 To one vast realm of various states,
 Where perfect Harmony shall bind
 Its millions in one single mind:
 For perfect Freedom will be there,
 Where each shall be the other's care.
 So dance the nymphs of various feather,
 And never knock their heads together.
 There all shall reign, refin'd from vice,
 Self-monarchs in that Paradise,
 And crown'd, like Sheba's queen, by DOCTOR
 PRICE.

F I N I S.

In solitude let Brunswick reign,
 O'er the lone wall and desert plain;
 While Emanuel shall open his arms
 To one vast nation of various states,
 Where perfect Harmony shall bind
 Its millions in one single mind:
 For perfect Freedom will be there,
 Where each shall feel the other's care.
 So dance the nymphs in various feather,
 And never know their hands together
 There all shall reign, instead of none,
 Self-monarchs in that Paradise,
 And crown'd like Sheba's queen, by Doctor
 PRICE.





